Cap. I cannot draw a Cart, nor eate dryed oates,
If it be mans worke, Ile doo't.

Enter the Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

Alb. Sir you haue shewne to day your valiant straine,
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
That were the opposites of this dayes strife:
We do require them of you so to vse them,
As we shall finde their merits, and our safety
May equally determine.

Bast. Sir I thought it fit,
To send the olde and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard,
Whose age has charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosomes on his side,
And turne our impresst Launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queene:
My reason all the same, and they are ready to morrow,
Or at a further space, to appeare where you shall hold
Your Session at this time: we sweate and bleed,
The friend hath lost his friend, and the best quarrels
In the heate are curst by those that feele their sharpenesse.
The question of *Cordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place,

Alb. Sir by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this warre, not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure should haue beene demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediate may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your brother.

Gon. Not so hot: in his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your aduancement.

Reg. In my right by me inuested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

Gonor.

Gon. Hola, hola, that eye that

Reg. Lady I am not well, else
From a full flowing stomacke.
Take thou my soldiers, prisone
Witnesse the world, that I cre
My Lord and master.

Gon. Meane you to enioy hi

Alb. The let alone lies not i

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe blooded fellow,

Bast. Let the drum strike, an

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason
On capitall treason; and in thi
This gilded Serpent: for your
I bare it in the interest of my w
Tis she is subcontracted to he
And I her husband contradict
If you will marry, make your l
My Lady is bespoke. Thou art
If none appeare to proue vpon
Thy hainous, manifest, and m
There is my pledge, Ile proue
Ere I taste bread, thou art in
Then I haue heere proclaim'd

Reg. Sicke, ô sicke.

Gon. If not, Ile nere trust po

Bast. Ther's my exchange,
That names me traitor, villain
Call by thy Trumpet, he that
On him, on you, who not, I w
My truth and honor firmely.

Alb. A Herald ho.

Bast. A herald ho, a herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single v
All leuied in my name, haue

Reg. This sickneſſe growes

Alb. She is not well, conu